

MR. PRATT

By Joseph C. Lutz.

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"This piece says that many patients act that way first alone. In such cases it is often necessary to use force." Mr. Pratt, will you take me out to the tool shed? I'll carry the lamp."

Would I? I was aching for the chance to get my hands on the little rat. I stood up and squared my shoulders.

"Mr. Van Brunt," yells Washy, dodging into the corner, "be you going to set by and see me murdered? Didn't you swear your Bible oath to treat me kind?"

"There couldn't be nothing kinder than curing you, pa," says Eureka. "It's all right, ain't it, Mr. Van Brunt?"

Van didn't answer for a second. Then he says, like he'd decided: "Yes, it's dead right. Go ahead and cure him, for heaven's sake, if you can! I'll back you up and take my chances."

"My nerves—," begins Washy. "Nerves," says Eureka, "come from the stomach. I'll tend to them later. We'll cure your lungs first. Mr. Pratt, fetch him along."

I got my fingers on the back of that consumptive's neck. He fought and hung back. Then I grabbed him by the waistband with t'other hand. He moved then, "walking Spanish," like the boy in the schoolyard.

Eureka opened the door. "Nobody can say," says she, emphatic, "that I let my pa die of consumption without trying to cure him. Come along, Mr. Pratt."

"Remember, Mr. Sparrow," says Van, bustling with laugh, "it's all for your good!"

We went out and across the yard and round back of the barn. The Twins came to the door to see us. I could hear 'em laughing even after we was out of sight. Eureka shaded



"He Moved Then," Walking Spanish.

the lamp with her apron. When we got to the shed there was a bran-new padlock on the door of it.

"I put it on this afternoon," says she. "I'm pretty handy at fixing things up."

We went into the shed and she put the lamp on the floor in the corner.

"I guess maybe Mr. Pratt'll stay till you get undressed, pa," she says. "You tell him the rest, Mr. Pratt. Good-night."

She went out and shut the door. The patient set down on the lounge and looked at the cracks in the walls.

The wind off the bay was singing through 'em and there was a steady halftone of sand coming with it. If fresh air was physic, Sparrow was certain to be a well man.

"Get undressed," says I. "Hurry up." "I'll freeze to death," says he, shivering.

"No you won't. Not in August. Maybe, later on, in December, 'twill be different. But, anyhow, freezing's a quick death, so they say, and I've heard you hankering to die quick ever since I knew you. Get into bed."

He took off his coat and vest and camept out on the lounge. There was plenty of bed clothes. I took up the lamp. Then I looked at him.

"There's one or two things more," says I. "To-morrow morning you'll be coming into the house. Well, you can't come. You'll stay outside, same as Eureka says you will. And the skiff and sloop are locked and chained, so you can't run away in them. And Scudder won't take you, nor any letters from you, 'cause he's in the game, too. And when Miss Paze comes, if she does come, don't you dare tell her one word. If you do—well, you won't die of consumption, anyhow."

I pounded my knee with my fist when I said it. It's a pretty average fist, far's size is concerned, and I see him looking at it.

I said "Good-night!" and went out and locked the door and took away the key. The fresh air cure had begun.

Next day was raw and chilly and the invalid put in the hours chasing what few patches of sunshine happened to come along. Eureka brought his meals out to him. He begged and pleaded to be let into the house, but "was no go. He spent that night in the toolhouse, same as he had the first."

For a week he stayed outdoor. Then he said he felt so much better that he guessed he could risk a day inside. Eureka was ready for him.

"I'm glad your lungs feel better, pa," she says. "I thought they would. But, of course, you mustn't come in for months and months yet. I guess it's time to start in on the dyspepsy line."

She took a piece of paper out of her dress vest and unfolded it. "I sent a

dollar to a doctor that advertised in the People's Magazine," she says, "and I got this. It's for dyspepsy, pa, and particular nervous dyspepsy. 'A careful diet and plenty of exercise.' " She read. "We'll begin on the dieting. 'In severe cases patient should take nothing but hot milk.' We've got plenty of milk—such as 'tis. That's a comfort."

Her dad had been setting on the wash bench back of the kitchen. Now he jumped up off it like 'twas red hot. "Do you have the face to tell me," he screams, "that I can't have nothing to eat but milk? Why, that's—"

"Doctor's orders, pa," says Eureka. "I'm going by doctor's orders, and see what they've done for your lungs already."

"I can't live on milk! I ain't a baby. I hate the stuff! I don't believe no doctor'd ever—"

"Well, we'll call Dr. Penrose and see what he says. I'll bet he'll back me up."

Washy didn't take the bet. He knew what Dr. Penrose thought of him and his ailments.

"Aw, Rocky, please—," he begs. "For your own good, pa," says his daughter. "I'll fetch you the hot milk."

She did—a quart of it. He drank it 'cause there wa'n't nothing else. For another week he lived on hot skim-milk and cold fresh air. He pleaded with the heavies and me, but we hadn't any pity for him. He tackled Scudder, but Nate never pitied anybody unless there was money in it.

He tried smuggling letters to Agnes, getting Lyeurgus to carry 'em; but Lys was in with his sister and the letters never got any further than Eureka's pocket.

'Twas fun for the rest of us, but a kind of nuisance in some ways. You see the sight of us eating three square meals a day was horrible tantalizing to a dyspeptic with an appetite like Washy's. He'd peek in through the dining room windows while we was at the table, and growl steady and loud till dessert time. Van said it reminded him of what he called a "tarble dote" at a Hungarian restaurant in New York. He said there was music at both places, but that, on the whole, Washy's music was the best of the two.

The Sunday of the week following was a mean day. A cold rain and considerable wind; more like October than August. The invalid set in the tool shed with the door opened and an umbrella keeping off the rain that leaked through the cracks in the roof. He looked as happy and snug as a locked-out cat in a thunder storm.

"Aw, Eureka," says he, when me and his daughter went out to the shed with the noon bucket of steaming milk. "Aw, Eureka," he says, "won't you let me have something hearty? Galy a hunk of bread, say? I've drowned my insides with that thin milk till I feel like a churn. I can't keep on drinking the stuff. The mere sight of a cow would make me sick."

But Eureka wouldn't give in. "It's all for your good, pa," she said. That was what Van told him every chance he got. I cal'late them words had some to be almost as sickening to him as the milk.

Next morning I got up early and some downstairs. 'Twas blowing hard and still raining. Eureka hadn't turned out yet. I opened the door of the kitchen and there I see a sight.

In the rocking chair by the kitchen stove was Washy Sparrow, sprawled out fast asleep. His feet was on the seat of the stove, a piece of pie crust was on the floor by his hand, his head was tipped back and his mouth wide open. And his face—oh, say! It was perfect peace and comfort.

The critter, so it turned out afterwards, had hunted around in the night till he found a cellar window unlocked. Then he'd crawled in and tipped up on the kitchen.

I went upstairs again and routed out he heavies. I wanted 'em to see he show. We stood in the door and looked at it. Just then Eureka come along.

"My soul and body!" she sings out. Her dad heard her and woke up. First he just opened his eyes and stretched. Then he set up straight and turned round. He turned pale.

"Well, pa?" says Eureka, sharp. "What sort of doings is this? What do you mean?"

Sparrow stared at her; then at us. He started to speak. Then he happened to notice my fist; and he never said a word.

"The ideal," says Eureka. "After all 've done to cure you. Roasting in his hot kitchen and eating—is that apple-pie crust by your hand?"

She stepped across and opened the pantry door.

"My sakes alive!" she says. "I swan to man if he ain't ate everything in the buttery!"

"I—I—" stammers Washy, wild like. "I—I didn't mean to, but I was starved and—and half drowned, and—"

"Pie!" says Eureka. "Well, I never! Now we're in a nice mess; and all to do over again."

"I'm all right now, anyway," says Washy. "I ain't coughing none and the grub don't distress me a mite. Not half so much as that cussed blue milk."

"All to do over," says Eureka. "And I don't know as we'll ever cure you now. Get out door this minute. And you mustn't eat a thing, not even milk, for three or four days. Open that outside door, please, Mr. Pratt."

I opened the door. The rain came beating in, with the wind back of it. It hit Washy like a cold wave.

"I'm all right, I tell you!" he yelled. "I feel fine. Better'n ever I was, don't know I ain't."

"Are you sure, pa?"

"Sure? Course I'm sure. Don't I know? I'm all cured."

"Well, that's a mercy," Eureka says. "I knew 'twas the right receipt, but I didn't think they'd work so quick. Mr. Van Brunt, pa's cured. He'll take that job at the hotel this very day; just as soon as it clears up a little."

The heavies shouted and so did I. The cured man looked tolerable uneasy. He choked up and begun to sputter.

"Course you mustn't go if you ain't real well and cured for good, pa," says his daughter. "Maybe you'd better try the toolhouse and the milk a spell longer."

The door was still open. And the wind and rain was driving in. Washy swallowed, and answered slow:

"I'll—I'll go," he says. "But I'll have to work sort of easy first along, so's—"

"Oh, no! you must work real hard, so's to get the exercise, or you'll have a relapse. Mr. Pratt, you'll tell Mr. Brown to see that pa works the way he'd ought to, won't you?"

I nodded. "He'll work," says I, decided.

At ten o'clock 'twas clear and I rowed the ex-consumptive dyspeptic over to the main and led him up to the hotel. I give him some advice as I went along.

That afternoon the Twins did nothing but tell Eureka that she was a wonder.

"Yes," says she, "I cal'late he's cured, at least for a spell. Anyhow, that 'Everybody' works but father song don't fit our family no more."

CHAPTER XVI. The Natural Life.

Washy Sparrow's going to work was the biggest surprise Wellmouth had had since old man Ginn, owner of the Palace Billiard, Pool and Sippo parlors, got converted and joined the Good Templars. Nobody would believe it, of course, without seeing him do it with their own eyes, and there was so many folks round the hotel that Peter Brown said he was thinking of charging admission. Agnes Page heard the news and come posting over to find out what sort of cruelizing her pet invalid had had to bear. Van Brunt done the explaining; it was right in his line.

"It was the invigorating atmosphere of Ozone Island that did it, Agnes," he said. "When we have finished ruralizing here I'm considering turning the place into a sanatorium. One week of Pratt's chowder and Eureka's corn muffins, coupled with the bay breezes and the odor of clam flats and seaweed, would make an Egyptian mummy turn flip-flops. I have to lay violent hands on myself every day, or I, too, would be seized with the laboring fever."

She looked at him, kind of odd. "That is most alarming news," says she. "If true, I confess I hadn't noticed the symptoms. Your temperature appears to be normal at present."

"It is," he says. "I flatter myself that I am making a magnificent fight against the disease. My most rabid attacks are in the early morning, before I get out of bed. Then I feel the insane desire for work, hard work, creeping over me. But I am firm. I reason thus: 'The governor is sixty odd and his heart is weak. Think of the shock that the news would be to him? Think—' and so forth. So I resolve to keep up the fight. By the time I am dressed and have had breakfast all yearning for work has left me. Don't you think I deserve credit?"

She said he did. Only he must be careful and not get up and work in his sleep. I listened with my mouth open as usual. Such crazy drivels from grown up men and women was too many for me. It wasn't intended to be funny, of course, because they never smiled. It beat me altogether, and Eureka said the same. 'Twas her notion that all the lunatics that was crowded out of the asylums, or was too rich to be put into 'em, was sent to New York. It sounded reasonable enough to believe, sometimes.

Agnes saw Sparrow, of course, but Brown was by when she see him and Washy didn't dare say but he'd gone to work of his own accord. I cal'late that he figured that the gang of us would have killed him if he had. So the Page girl went back to Eastwich satisfied. And Eureka went home again nights and kept house for Lyeurgus and her dad. But Hartley looked out that the most of the old man's ten dollars a week was turned over to her.

The heavies' quiet Naturalness had pretty nigh disappeared altogether now. They was restless all the time. Mail was heavy and the telegram envelopes in the coal hod and around was thicker than ever. And Scudder come to Ozone three times a day.

By September I thought sure they'd be ready to quit and go home. They acted to me as though they was tired of the whole thing. I thought I'd sound 'em, so I says:

"I s'pose likely you'll be for shutting up this shop and getting back to the city 'most any day pretty soon now, won't you?"

Van Brunt looked at his chum and Hartley looked at him. Then they caught themselves doing it, and looked away quick.

"Why, skipper!" says Van, "what makes you say that?"

"Oh, nothing 'special," says I. "Only it seemed to me that you was kind of nervous and fidgety lately. Didn't know but you was anxious to be 'dealing' them stocks of yours, or something. You've been aw-y from 'em a good while."

Continued Next Week

J. J. Parsons and daughter, of Agua, Okla., are visiting Mrs. D. D. Parsons. They are on their way to Sedalia.

ALL DEMOCRATIC CLAIMANTS TAKE SEATS

Governor Folk's Biennial Message to Be Sent to Assembly Today.

Jefferson City, Mo., Jan. 6.—W. I. Stone's re-election to the United States senate was practically clinched today when all democratic claimants of the seats in the lower house of the forty-fifth general assembly took the oath of office when the legislature convened at noon. The new senators were also sworn in, and both houses, after effecting temporary organizations, adjourned until tomorrow.

The seating of the democrats was decided upon at a republican caucus held earlier in the day.

Governor Folk's biennial message will be read tomorrow before the general assembly.

E. F. Moore, president, and E. F. Jones, secretary of the Missouri Anti-Soloon League, registered today as legislative lobbyists. They propose to advocate temperance legislation.

Governor-elect Hadley, republican state officials and Chairman Walter S. Dickey of the republican state committee used their influence on republican members of the house tonight and had representative A. A. Speer of Osage county made the nominee of the caucus for speaker. Speer defeated Hiram Lloyd of St. Louis by a vote of 42 to 30. The democrats in the house nominated John T. Parker for speaker.

The democratic nominee for president pro tem. of the senate is George W. Humphrey of Shelby county. He will be elected tomorrow. Humphrey will be opposed by Senator A. E. L. Gardner of St. Louis.

Trainmen Want Legislation

Jefferson City, Jan. 5.—Representatives of twenty-three lodges of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen met here this afternoon, elected officers and took the initiatory toward urging legislation deemed advantageous to their organization. The organization has a membership of 3,400. The officers elected are: George Fleightholder of Kansas City, chairman; Michael Daly of St. Louis, vice chairman; Frank Long-break of Springfield, secretary. There will be another meeting tomorrow to outline the legislation it desires to see enacted.

This Town Prohibits Dances

Spencer, Ia., January 5.—The city council of Spencer has passed an ordinance forbidding public dances and skating rinks in that town. They also enacted an ordinance stating that "it shall be unlawful for any fortune teller, palmist or clairvoyant to ply his trade within the limits of the city for hire." The penalty attached to all these ordinances is a fine of from \$1 to \$100 or a jail sentence of from one to thirty days.

Business Meeting

The Senior Epworth League of the M. E. Church South held a business meeting Tuesday evening, January 5, at the home of H. I. Bradford to plan for the coming year's work. The meeting was full of interest and enthusiasm. The interest was shown by the large number of members present, of which there were 23. The outlook for this year is very encouraging.

Myron Denny, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. A. Briebeck, will return to his home in Leon, Kan., this week. Mrs. Briebeck and daughters will accompany him for a short visit.

Miss Carrie Ball has returned to work at Newman's after a short absence on account of illness.

Postal Clerk Davis' daughter Dorothy is ill with typhoid fever.

Reception to Pastor

On Wednesday evening the members of the Southern Methodist church held a reception for Rev. and Mrs. Jas. McCrory at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Short on Second street.

The guests were met at the door by Mrs. Chas. Baker, Mrs. Fred Shaffer, A. Pettifer, L. Isaac, Isabelle Breece and Sarah Watson were on the receiving committee and made everyone welcome.

Music by the graphophone, solos and recitations made up a very pleasing program.

A lunch of sandwiches, pickles, coffee and cake was served.

Rev. and Mrs. McCrory were made to feel themselves at home in Monett and became acquainted with most of their church members.

Following is a list of those attending the reception:—Rev. and Mrs. Allen, J. S. Campbell, Garrison Messrs and Mesdames A. Pettifer, W. M. Mainright, H. D. Traughber, J. J. Peck, Maurice Clinton, Chas. Baker, C. M. Todd, Alvin Bradford, H. I. Bradford, R. P. Farrow, Fred Shaffer, A. L. Jenks, Mesdames L. Isaac, R. Keithley, O. H. Lare Woods, F. M. Hall, Frank Wilson, Laura Leckie, W. Watson, D. E. Miller, J. Thomas, Jack Farrow, M. Plauusticht, M. L. Breece, L. W. Badger, Jas. Gulick, Harmon; Messrs. Leon Wainright, Sam Gulick, H. H. Davies, Harry Thomas, Howard Gulick, Misses Eliza Harmon, Edith Gulick, Hazel Leckie, Ruth Bradford, Sara Watson, Lauderdale, Isabelle Breece, Ruth and Nellie Jarrett, Ruth Farrow, and children of the church.

Cassville News

From The Republican.

The McDowell mines have been incorporated for \$100,000 and the certificate of incorporation is expected, soon. The corporate name is the Queen City Mining Co. The new company means to push the development of their prospects and are very hopeful of paying results. The interested parties live at Springfield.

Evangelist Redding of Kansas is delivering an interesting series of sermons at the Presbyterian church this week.

J. E. Jaques of Monett, was here Thursday. He is studying theology in the Kansas City University, of Kansas City, Mo.

All the county officials who were elected at the November election have taken up their official duties except Assessor Houston, who does not begin his work until June.

Judge T. F. Montgomery of Monett, was here on business Monday.

Judge Veltan of near Bricefield, came down Monday and began his work on the county court as judge of the western district.

M. E. Newman became sheriff Friday morning and has his office fitted up in the southwest room of the new jail building. Barb Henley will be deputy sheriff and will assist Mr. Newman at Cassville.

The Peach Crop's First Demise

Van Buren, Ark., Jan. 5.—The mild winter has caused the peach buds to swell, and it is feared that the severe storm which passed through this section last night caused the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the owners of commercial peach orchards.

Marriage License

W. J. Hagler and Maude Hill, Shell Knob; W. M. Lee and Anna E. Jaques, Monett; James F. Price and Elizabeth C. Sanders, Seligman.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Clinton returned to their home at Pratt, Kan., Thursday morning after a visit with their friends in Monett.

Mrs. Lon Perry is visiting her mother, Mrs. Helen Hobbs at Cassville.

THE PATTERSON-WYATT NUPTIALS

Marriage of Prominent Young People at Hamilton.

On Tuesday evening, November 5, occurred the marriage of Miss Grace Wyatt of Hamilton, to Mr. J. Wirt Patterson of Monett.

The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents at Hamilton, Rev. Fr. Callon, of Camlen, performing the ceremony. A large number of townspeople as well as out-of-town guests were present at the ceremony.

The bride's gown was white Mes-saline silk trimmed in duchesselace from her mother's wedding dress. She was attended by Miss Biowa, of Hamilton, maid of honor, and Miss Frances Gibbs of Monett, as bridesmaid. These young ladies wore silk dresses of Copenhagen blue. The groom was attended by Gene Saxe of Monett and J. Wyatt, the bride's brother.

Those attending the wedding from Monett were Mr. and Mrs. Nae Patterson, Miss Frances Gibbs, Gene Saxe and Chas. Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson went to St. Joseph and from there to Memphis, Tenn., to spend their honeymoon. They will make their home in Monett.

Mrs. Patterson taught a class in music here for several years and by her sweetness of disposition and charm of manner, as well as her many accomplishments, won many warm friends. Mr. Patterson is a member of the firm of Patterson Milling Co., and a young man of business ability.

Petit Jury.

The county court has made the selection of petit jurors for the regular February term of the Barry county circuit court as follows:

Ash Township—T. H. Hickey
Washburn—Wm. Journey
Sagar Creek—Joe Pawver
Liberty—Grant Eden
Pleasant Ridge—Will Marbut
Kings Prairie—F. R. Dammitt
Ozark—Hugh Bassett
McDonald—Ben Truhitte
Flat Creek—Frank Thompson and Harry Horine
Roaring River—Elias Horine
Exeter—Marion Birkes
Butterfield—J. W. Strother
Shoal Creek—M. J. Rodgers and Sheridan Lane
Capps Creek—John Holland
Monett—W. A. Kniskern and Ethan Vermillion
Mineral—Henry McClure
Shell Knob—J. C. Blythe
Jenkins—Lee Weaver
Crane Creek—Lemon Hiltso
Mountain—Roscoe Peck
White River—Isaac Robberson

Berry Growers Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Ozark Fruit Growers' Association closed Wednesday afternoon. There was a good attendance and many matters of interest to the fruit growers of Missouri and Arkansas were discussed. The officers for the year are:

G. L. Lincoln, Bentonville, president.
E. L. Beal, Republic, 1st vice president.
R. H. George, Peirce City, 2nd vice president.
J. W. Stroud, Rogers, secretary.
P. A. Rogers, Gravett, manager.

Jas. Brown was the victim of a forged check passed upon him this week. A man by the name of Hatchery employed temporarily by A. Kulinski owed Mr. Brown a small bill. He gave him the check, receiving the change in cash. When Mr. Brown went to cash his check he found that it was worthless. The man left town before his forgery was discovered.

Prof. James McNally, principal of the Central school, is candidate for county school commissioner.